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IN THE ENEMY'S LINES.

BY A VIRGINIA LADY.

On my way a few evenings since, to the house of God, I heard a lady accost a soldier friend with the question; Where is your mother? "In the enemy's lines," was the reply. I doubt not a cloud was on the brow, and a darker cloud overshadowed the heart of that son as he thought of one whom he loved so tenderly being in the enemy's lines. Soldier! where are you? You are nobly defending your country against an enemy that has trampled upon her rights, deprived you of your home, and despoiled you of your inheritance. But you too are "in an enemy's lines." Does no mother's or sister's heart ache for you? Yours is an enemy more subtle than those now invading our land. He is trampling upon rights more valuable than your national ones—the rights of serving your God. He is seeking to deprive you of your eternal home and to despoil you of your everlasting inheritance. Will you not enlist under the banner of the King of Kings—gird on the armor that He who rules in Heaven offers you, and drive that enemy from his stronghold in your heart? Intervention is tendered you—not foreign—but that of the Friend of sinners—even the mediation of the Son of God, who has shed his blood for you. His terms are not hard. Put your trust in him. Give him your heart. Love and serve him. Assert and maintain your right to a home in Heaven—to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled and that fadeth not away.

"Seize your armor—gird it on;
Now the battle will be won;
See! the strife will soon be done;
Then struggle manfully.

Though all earth and hell appear;
 Who can doubt or who can fear?
 God our strength and shield is near;
 We cannot lose our cause."

"REMEMBER"—OR THE BULLET.

His country was in danger. The spirit of the patriot was stirred. A youth of eighteen had gathered his little all in his knapsack, and was about to bid his mother farewell. With tears she said to him, "Will you carry this Bible?" With deep emotion he answered, "Yes."

In all his marches over mountains and valleys, that Bible was never forgotten. In a hard battle, when many fell at his side, this young man escaped alive. After they had taken up the wounded and had buried their dead, he took his knapsack from his shoulders and sat down alone. As he thought of his spared life, he thought of his mother, and of his mother's Bible. He took it out, and on looking at the cover, found it had been perforated with a ball from the enemy. On opening the Bible, the bullet fell out. Then he had a curiosity to know where and at what passage of Scripture the bullet stopped. He turned on and on until he found it stopped at the words in Eccl. 12: 1, "*Remember now thy CREATOR in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.*" The young soldier fell a weeping. He first thought of his mother, then of his Bible, then of God his Creator and his Preserver. He became thenceforward a praying soldier.

When he returned from the war, he had found the Saviour precious. And Oh, what a meeting it was when he met his dear mother, and showed her the Bible that had saved his life in the day of battle! And what was better to her than all the rest, she saw the sweet passage that the bullet could not pass, the passage that had saved his soul: "*Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.*"

THINGS TO THINK OF.

“What will it profit you, if you gain the whole world and lose your own soul?”

“Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.”

Think of the end for which you were made: to glorify God.

Think of the end to which you are hastening: to joy or woe; heaven or hell.

Think of the value of your soul: it will exist for ever.

Think of death: you must soon die. Time is short.

Think of judgment: God will give to every man the just reward of his deeds; to the righteous, eternal life; to the wicked, eternal death.

Think of hell: the worm that never dies, the fire that is never quenched; and try to escape it.

Think of heaven: eternal happiness and joy; and endeavor to obtain it. Think of these things.

A LASTING PEACE.

Reader, peace is a blessed thing. War is an immense evil. Peace ought to be prayed for night and day by all

who love their country. But after all there is only one peace which is lasting, and that is, *the peace with God which faith in Christ gives.*

There is no happiness compared to that which this peace affords. A calm sea after a storm, a blue sky after a black thunder-cloud, health after sickness, light after darkness, rest after toil, all, all are beautiful and pleasant things. But none, none of them all can give more than a feeble idea of the comfort which those enjoy which believe in Christ, and have *peace with God.* It is a peace which passeth all understanding.

It is *the want* of this very peace which makes many in the world unhappy. Hundreds have every thing that is thought able to give pleasure, and yet are never satisfied. Their hearts are always aching. There is a constant sense of emptiness within. And what is the secret of all this? They have no peace with God.

It is *the desire* of this very peace which makes many a heathen do much in his idolatrous religion. Thousands have been seen to mortify their bodies, and vex their own flesh, in the service of some wretched image which their own hands had made. And why? Because they hungered after peace with God.

It is *the possession* of this very peace on which the value of a man's religion depends. Without it there may be every thing to please the eye, and gratify the ear—forms, ceremonies, services, and sacraments—and yet no good done to the soul. The grand question that should try all, is the state of a man's conscience. Is it peace? *Has he peace with God?*

Reader, this is the very peace about which I address you this day. Have you got it? Do you feel it? Is it your own? Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall have lasting peace.

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